THE WORKING MAN'S SUNDAY

HOW TO SPEND IT.

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How to Spend it.

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THE

WORKING-MAN'S SUNDAY:

HOW TO SPEND IT.*

THE interest which has been awakened in England and in our country upon the question how the Lord's day, or the first day of the week (called also Sabbath, or Sunday), can be made most serviceable to the working-man, is not surprising. It is a question involving so many other interests that its importance cannot well be exaggerated. Upon the due observance of that day depends almost all that distinguishes Protestant Christendom from the

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* The substance of this brief tractate is from a volume lately published in England, entitled "Lending a Hand; or, Help for the Working-Classes."

force on all Sunday visitors to the Palace, and further describes from what classes of society they would have been likely to be drawn:—

"According to the reports of the Early-closing Association, there are not less than 100,000 souls engaged in the shops of the metropolis.

"A hundred thousand souls, who pass from twelve to fourteen, and even sixteen, hours on their feet, in one close atmosphere, contaminated with human breath, thickened with dust, poisoned with gas!

"Day after day, without change and without relaxation of any kind, except what is to be snatched at untimely hours of night or morning, these shop-servers must sleep either in the houses where they work, in dormitories more or less uncomfortable, or in lodgings close at hand. These people have no cosy study to retire to; even in their bed-chambers they are not alone. They have not the advantage of the evening walk or ride to the suburbs, which has become part of the system of the more opulent trading-classes of London. They have little chance of the vacation ramble at Margate,* Ramsgate, or Brighton; still less a tour

* Though the localities referred to in this and other paragraphs may not be familiar to the reader, the arguments are of the same force among us as in England.

through Switzerland or up the Rhine. A few days' holiday, and one or two pounds to spare, are the utmost they can aspire to; and these are the victims whom a section of the religious public seek to imprison within the circle of the streets of London, and to debar from any other resource than the public-house, —the public-house, which is to be found at the corner of every street, from Kensington to Bow.

"Again: besides the hundred thousand who are banded for the boon of closing labour at eight o'clock in winter and ten in summer, there are the numerous tribe of clerks, obliged to keep up a decent appearance on small salaries, in very responsible employments, living in cramped lodgings or miniature cottages, who seldom see their children except on Sundays. There are tens of thousands of mechanics and others, following occupations created by the highly-civilized state of society in which we live, engaged in producing those articles of luxury or comfort which smooth the path of the wealthy.

"For all these town-working people what day of rest is there? What opportunity of exchanging the close air of the City,—of seeing grass and trees and flowers,—of stretching their limbs and expanding their lungs,—of laying in a stock of health for the ensuing week,—except on the one day set apart for rest, the Sunday? It is a libel on the goodness of

God to believe that His day was intended as a punishment for the poor and a luxury for the rich."

This idea of Sunday turned into a punishment finds place in the work of another popular writer:*—

"It was a Sunday evening in London,—gloomy, close and stale. Maddening church-bells of all degrees of dissonance, sharp and flat, cracked and clear, fast and slow, made the brick-and-mortar echoes hideous. Melancholy streets, in a penitential garb of soot, steeped the souls of the people who were condemned to look at them out of windows in dire despondency. In every thoroughfare, up almost every alley, and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, tolling, as if the plague were in the City and the dead-carts going round. Every thing was bolted and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an over-worked people. No pictures, no unfamiliar animals, no rare plants or flowers, no natural or artificial wonders of the ancient world; all *taboo* with that enlightened strictness that the ugly South Sea gods in the British Museum might have supposed themselves at home. Nothing to see but streets, streets, streets! nothing to breathe but streets, streets,

* *Little Dorrit*, by Charles Dickens, p. 21.

streets! Nothing to change the brooding mind or raise it up! Nothing for the spent toiler to do but to compare the monotony of his seventh day with the monotony of his six days! think what a weary life he led, and make the best of it, or the worst, according to the probabilities!"

We hope we have stated the case fairly and fully. If we understand the advocate of Sabbath relaxation and pastime, he claims that the man who toils all the week has a right to take his Sunday for amusement and recreation. For this end, museums, public gardens, picture-galleries, and all entertainments where the moral tendency is not pernicious, should be thrown open to the public. Otherwise, the public-house being the workman's only resource, his Sunday, which might have passed innocently and happily at "the great Intellectual Temperance Garden," will be disgraced by brawls and drunkenness in the over-crowded beer-shop. When we demur to this *holiday* notion of the Sabbath, as over-riding the *holy day* remembrance handed down to us from our

fathers, and enshrined in those tables of the Ten Commandments which are put up in many of our Christian churches, very much as if they wished us to draw the conclusion that they contain a code of law and practice still binding on Christian men and women,—when we demur, he is ready with his answer:—"The Sabbath is a Jewish institution; the Fourth Commandment is not binding on Christians." "The Sabbath was made for man," is his watchword; and this is put forward as the modification of the old precept, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." The ground for Sabbath observance is shifted from duty to expediency; and the expediency relates rather to the welfare of the body than of the soul; rather to things seen, than to things unseen.

We believe, however, the advocate of Sabbath relaxation would let the strict observer of the day alone, if it were only a question as to the standard of Sabbath observance he chooses to adopt *for himself*. If, argues his opponent,

it is his pleasure to crowd the day with religious engagements, till his heavy eyelids in the evening droop under the spoken or over the written sermon,—if he chooses to incur the risk of mental torpor and spiritual indigestion, —it is, after all, an affair of personal taste and discretion: let him cut his own coat as seems him best; only, let him abstain from trying to make it fit upon his neighbours. If a week of light and optional occupation leaves him fresh for a day of Sunday labour,—no work so enriching,—let him labour in it and be thankful, —rising earlier, if he will, and later taking rest; but let him not, in thought or word, reproach the man who accepts gratefully the return of that day when, set free from the compulsory call to early labour, he may give to the body its additional hour of needed rest.

If for one day in the week the strict Sabbath-observer is willing to lighten the labours of his cook, and eat a dinner prepared the day before, it is thoughtful and kind; but the sacrifice to him is very small: it would be

very great to the working-man, who on that one day of the week dines at home with his children.

If, again, he restricts his walk to his garden on the Sunday, because he finds it easier within its walls and under its shady trees to shut out weekday life and thoughts, so be it; but let him not frown on hot, dusty pedestrians, who have taken their "Sabbath-day's journey" to the nearest heath or common, and are walking to or from the stifling room in a crowded court which is their only home.

In some such language as this we shall hear the strict Sabbath-observer charged by his opponent with want of sympathy, with failing to realize that differing circumstances have different wants. In so far as the charge is true, it is a grave one; and we are not prepared altogether to repudiate it. It may be that a gloom is sometimes thrown over the day which ought to be the happiest in the week, because one rigid rule is considered as equally applicable to the child in the family, the young

son and daughter at home, the unlettered labourer, the toil-worn mechanic, and to the quiet denizen of his study, who finds himself amply provided for profitable enjoyment of the Sabbath, with public services and private reading, or meditation.

There is something curiously conventional, and (we must say it) sometimes strangely inconsistent, about notions of Sabbath observance. To give a few instances,* which we believe are not overdrawn. Do not some hold it to be right and profitable to enjoy heart-to-heart intercourse with a present friend, but quite wrong to hold the same intercourse on paper if he were absent? Right to sing a hymn, however secular the air may be to which it is adapted,—wrong to take part in an anthem? Right to enjoy a voluntary on the church-

* We do not think it needful to prescribe positive rules to cover such cases as are here supposed. If there is a true reverence for the day and an honest desire to appropriate its several hours to such uses as will promote the highest, holiest ends for which it is instituted, the spirit may be trusted to control the letter.

organ,—wrong to reproduce it on the drawing-room piano? Right to go into the garden,—wrong to take a walk? Right to gather a flower,—wrong to examine its wondrous structure? Right to feed pet animals,—wrong to observe or to be interested with them? Allowed that an infant-child should set out the animals of its ark, and gain a patriarchal conception of Noah with a long beard, but not allowed if the remote allusion to sacred history should be wanting, and the selected toy should be a doll or a ball?

Inconsistency is always dangerous: children and young people are quite sharp enough to detect it. Let the parents—who have always a right to lay down laws for their own household—say, "This we allow, that we forbid;" but let them not say of things which are really one and the same in principle, "This is right, and that is wrong." Let not the conduct of parents be open to the suspicion that it is to save themselves trouble they impose Sabbath restrictions on their children. The game

of play with school-companions is properly suspended: let it be exchanged for the weekly luxury of a time spent with their father, who has, perhaps, little opportunity on other days to make himself the personal friend of his children.

Books of study, lesson-books,—for this, to children, is their "manner of work,"—will (probably with their hearty consent) remain on the shelves from Saturday to Monday; but other books must be selected with an eye to their age and tastes.

The same principle which leads a parent to appreciate the difference between his child's mental capacity and his own, and to make self-sacrificing efforts to meet its requirements, will also lead the enlightened Christian philanthropist to understand that the same rule and measure cannot be applied to his own employment of the Sabbath and to that of the workman; and will lead him also to recognize that individual, self-denying effort on his part is called for, that he may help the workman, as

he helps his child, to a profitable enjoyment of that which is his inalienable right,—a seventh day of rest from labour.

We say, to help him; because, though the working-classes can point to a goodly and increasing number of thoughtful and intelligent men in their ranks, there remain thousands whose highest idea of enjoyment is confined to animal comforts,—a pipe, a pot of beer, a warm room to drink it in, and boon-companions: beyond these they do not look. It is extremely difficult to devise any harmless Sunday occupation for such a class.

Some friends of the writer spent the summer in a frequented place about an hour's distance from a busy manufacturing town. Into this place Sunday-excursion trains weekly poured their thousands; but where were they chiefly to be found? On the sea-shore, drinking in health and blowing away the noxious fumes and gas of factory labour? Or scattered up and down the country, enjoying a rural walk and the sight of trees and hedges? No! the beach

and the fields spread their attractions in vain. For the most part, the excursionists took a short course from the railway-station to neighbouring beer-houses, which on Sunday were crowded to excess; and "the day out" meant drinking there instead of drinking at home, with a deficit in the week's earnings to the amount of the railway-ticket. A gentleman who had passed the autumn at a watering-place says, "I made it my business to make observation with regard to excursion trains. I found that, so far were the majority of the parties from coming thither to take the pure air of the beach, that they spent a great part of the day in drinking at public-houses."

Before, however, we can enter upon any questions of detail as to how the workman can be helped to spend his Sunday with advantage to himself and his family, it is necessary to come to some sort of conclusion as to the light in which we regard the observance of the Sabbath.

We have spoken of it as an inalienable

right. In what sense? Because it is a gift from God to every man, of which, therefore, no fellow-man has a right to deprive him? Or because it is a sacred duty, claimed by God, which it were peril to disobey? Or because it is satisfactorily proved by men of science that the physical and mental powers of men require an interval of rest every seventh day to keep them in working order? Or because the State has adopted the Sabbath as a civil institution, reckoning it a day in which all ordinary matters of business are to be suspended? Or is it, finally, because ecclesiastical authority from the earliest ages has pronounced in favour of the observance of the Sabbath, and provided for it in liturgies and forms of worship?

The lowest of these grounds of Sabbath observance has a certain measure of force and value: thus, we may say to the workman, as to a brother-man,—

"That you may trade well with your sole capital, which is labour, and by degrees better your condition, you want a healthy mind in a

healthy body. Science has proved, and experience confirms it, that labour must not be continuous; that you need in every seven days a day of rest. That day, by the laws of the land, is secured to you; it is your wisdom so to use it that your body and mind may be recruited, and prepared to start afresh for another period of six days' profitable toil.

"Does it, or does it not, refresh you to turn into a public-house and spend the day in drinking with your mates? Do you, or do you not, rise the next morning with a clear head and courageous mind and vigorous frame, satisfied with yourself and prepared to set out with renovated powers as the bread-winner,—the prop of your family?

"Or, again, you spend your Sunday in an excursion: the railway-ticket is a serious dip into your week's earnings,—*very* serious, if you take your family with you; for the wife must 'smarten up a bit,' to go out and see the world. It is not much of country air you get in the journey, for you like your pipe, and so do

others; and, if you left city smoke behind, you carry tobacco smoke with you. You make a long-day of it. What with a 'bit' here for the children, and a 'drop' there for yourself and wife, money runs fast. We do not say you will be otherwise than orderly and well conducted; you will neither get drunk nor use bad words; but by the time the day is over, and you have had your pipe going home, and it comes to dragging the tired children up the stairs, we doubt very much whether any one, to look at you, would say you had laid out your Sunday to the best advantage for the end you proposed to yourself,—getting strung up for a week's work. We think it more likely than not that Sundays so passed are followed by idle Mondays; and, considering how much you have spent on the day's pleasure, you might as well not shorten the next week's earnings."

So we might argue; but does any one who feels within himself what it is to be a man think that, when we have said this, we have said all? We are at issue with those who

would benefit the working-man at the expense of the Sabbath, not because they sympathize with the workman, nor because they appreciate his circumstances and care for his privations, but because their sympathy is so incomplete; it embraces only a part of his nature, and that the lowest. We are not writing in an infidel country, or for infidel readers, that we should be afraid to say, or fear to have our statement questioned, that man is an immortal being, the son of a Great Father who yearns over him with parental love; that human happiness is wrapped up in this,—to be at peace with God, to know Him, and to love Him; that these deepest laws of our being are, nevertheless, matters of faith, and easily obscured by the busy concerns of this life, by the scheming and planning and toiling which have reference to earthly prosperity in the fraction of an immortal existence we are destined to spend here; that *therefore,* because an immortal spirit tenants our mortal body, God has given, as an inalienable right, one day in seven, in

which man may rise to his true dignity, undistracted by the necessity of working to supply the wants of his lower nature. The workman is on the Sabbath God's free man; the day is God's for him, and his for God: apart from God, its glory is gone; it is a State institution, an expedient device, whereby our hand-workers are kept in working order, even as we let our fields lie fallow, or turn our horses out to grass.

It appears to us, then, that any expedient for helping our brother-workman to spend the Sunday is utterly beneath his acceptance which does not take into account his true dignity, his whole nature, as a being composed of soul and body. The body must not be neglected, but the claim of the soul is paramount. On this account, many schemes seem to us inadmissible for Sunday which would be excellent for a Saturday-afternoon holiday. They provide for a man's animal and intellectual enjoyment, but they ignore his spiritual necessities; they humanize, but they do not Christianize.

Take, as an example, among public institu-

tions, some well-furnished museum. We walk through it with a throb of pleasure and exultation that such a school of knowledge and improvement is open to the workman. We delight to think that he may spend there holiday-hours with his family, where every thing around him is calculated to dissipate his ignorance, enlarge his ideas, cultivate his tastes, and wean him from grosser and more sensual pleasures. But, even as pleasures of the mind are higher and nobler than mere sensual delights, and we should grieve to see our brother-man neglect the former in the pursuit of the latter; so the joys and hopes and aspirations of his immortal spirit are immeasurably higher and nobler than human knowledge or mental cultivation, and we should grieve to lure him from the greater good by offering to him the less. We know it is said that in enlarging his mind and purifying his tastes we are taking the first steps towards his moral renovation. "It is taken for granted," says a modern writer, "that architecture, sculpture, and the wonders

of nature and art, which such buildings will contain" (he is speaking of the Crystal Palace), "have a direct or indirect tendency to lead to true devotion. Only in a very limited degree is there truth in this at all. Christianity will humanize; we are not so sure that humanizing will Christianize. Let us be clear upon this subject. Æsthetics are not religion: it is one thing to civilize and polish, it is another thing to Christianize. The worship of the beautiful is not the worship of holiness: nay, I know not whether the one may not have a tendency to disincline from the other: at least, such was the history of ancient Greece."*

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* We are not unfrequently reminded by the advocates of country excursions on the Sabbath, that it gives the opportunity to "look through nature up to nature's God." It is greatly to be feared, however, that those who do not see God in Holy Scripture, in providence, and in His sanctuary and the ordinances of worship, are not very likely to look for Him in His works. It seems degrading to a citizen of the United States to limit his religious impressions and aspirations as the poet does those of the roaming savage:—

> "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

One word here may be needful to guard against the idea that the man who has brutalized himself and deadened every moral sensibility by the indulgence of low and sensual vice, is more likely to open his ear to spiritual truth than he will be if, under reforming influences like those on which we have dwelt, he is reclaimed from social degradation, regains his self-respect, and becomes an orderly and well-conducted member of society. The very reverse is the case: to have wandered farther from the right way cannot have diminished the difficulty of return; to have set human authority at defiance cannot make it easier to submit to Divine. The truth which enlightens and saves is apprehended by that part of man's nature which thinks and feels; and in proportion as animal propensities have the mastery, the entrance of truth is made more difficult.

We will not, then, undervalue social reformation, brought about by civilizing influences, but we will take it for what it is worth: it is likely to replace certain defences, the loss of

which leaves a man very open to moral assault, —such defences as self-respect, for instance, or a fair reputation. Natural affections, relieved from the incubus of selfish debasement, are likely to spring up into new life,—the man is a kinder husband, a wiser father; social virtues are strengthened,—he becomes a better citizen, a better subject; his sympathies are now ranged on the side of law and order,—he has something to lose, and nothing to gain, from anarchy and rebellion.

These are important advantages; and society, which has to do with man as a social unit, and is aggrieved, or otherwise, by his failure in social claims or his fulfilment of them,—society is satisfied with the result of the humanizing influence she has brought to bear upon him. But is the man himself satisfied? Amid the human claims and natural affections which he is learning to recognize, and to which he is beginning to respond, does no consciousness at times oppress him that a paramount claim on his affections is disregarded and forgotten?

He has been told that Sunday is the workman's day for holiday and rest: does the word *rest* never fall upon his ear like a bitter mockery, because, under all his now decent exterior, he carries within him a secret source of *unrest*,—a misgiving that "acquaintance with God," for which, above all other purposes, Sunday was given to him, is not yet begun? "I never had my Sundays!" burst in anguish from the lips of a dying cabman, when the summons came, which none may disobey, to call him into the presence of the unknown God, who might have been his tried and trusted friend.

We have now regarded the question on its *human* side, and, considering *man*, his interests, his requirements, we contend that the most important use of the day should not be ignored in any schemes, public or private, to help the workman to make the most of his day of rest.

We are told that the Sabbath was a Jewish institution,—one among many other observances which served the purpose of keeping the Jews separate from other nations; that it is

spoken of indeed as blessed and sanctified at the creation: but no injunctions which have reference to man's observance of the day find place till the Mosaic times, when the reason assigned was in force.

Now, it is difficult to see in what sense the day could be sanctified (set apart), unless man were invited to share in the benediction and rest with which God had hallowed the day. Traces do not seem to us so absolutely wanting, that the return of the seventh day was a recognized period in patriarchal times. It was at weekly intervals that the raven and the dove were sent forth from the ark; and we think that any one who will read with an unprejudiced mind the account of the fall of the manna (which was antecedent to the giving of the law, either moral or ceremonial) will allow that the words which occur in Exod. xvi. 23 refer not to the promulgation of a new precept, but to the revival of an old one, which during the long period of bondage in Egypt had fallen into disuse. "The rest of the holy sabbath" is

referred to as something already known and recognized: "this is that which the Lord *hath said.*"

Besides, until Mosaic times, none of the other moral laws had been collected into a code, or otherwise written than on men's consciences: yet we never hear it contended that the sixth or the seventh or the eighth commandments are abrogated, because they were first announced through Moses to the one nation of the earth who at that time feared God and professed to take His law as their rule of life. As soon as a moral code appears at all, the law of the Sabbath stands incorporated with it. As if to mark that its application, though more immediate to the Israelite, was designed to take effect on the whole human race, the reason assigned for the command in the earliest account (Exod. xx. 11) is universal, and rests on the creation; the reason assigned in the second account (Deut. v. 15) is Jewish, and rests on the exodus from Egypt. The earliest and most prominent place is given to that reason in which all mankind have an equal share.

But, it is argued, when Christ came He announced a new principle as to the Sabbath:—"The Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This is interpreted to mean that the Sabbath is now handed over to man to use as he judges most for his advantage; God has relinquished any special claim upon it; its character is changed from a holy day to a holiday.

The passage on the authority of which it has been deemed lawful to pronounce a sentence of reversal on one of the Ten Commandments, written with the finger of God on the tables of stone, occurs in the second chapter of the Gospel by Mark, on occasion of a presumptuous interference on the part of the Pharisees with the conduct of the disciples in the presence of their Master. Supposing Him either culpably unobservant of the actions of His followers, or culpably lax in His own notions of what was due to the sanctity of the day, they remonstrated both with Him and with them. What was the offence? The disciples were

hungry, and in passing through a cornfield they plucked the ripe ears, rubbed away the chaff in their hands, and ate. Not the act itself (for it was allowed in Jewish law) roused Pharisaical indignation, but their prejudiced notion that, though lawful on other days, it was unlawful for the Sabbath, as coming under the prohibition "no manner of work."

The answer of the Lord is twofold, and is directed against their prejudice on the one hand, and their presumption on the other. "You have formed your own notion of the Sabbath, and would bind all men to it; as if the Sabbath had been made first, and then man had been created for the purpose of keeping it: but the Sabbath was made on account of man (this is the force of the preposition), not man on account of the Sabbath. Again: you insist not on the words of the law, but on the interpretation you choose to put upon it: is it seemly to do so in the presence of the Lawgiver, who must know best the spirit and force of His own commands? That my disciples

do this in my presence, unrebuked by me, should be to you a sufficient guarantee that such an act in no way violates my law. To me, by whom the day was first set apart, and who am its rightful Lord, you must look if you would know how to observe it."

This seems the natural construction to put upon the narrative; and accordingly we watch in the fourfold story of the life of Christ for indications as to how the Sabbaths were spent by Him. Synagogue-worship is a prominent feature of them; it was, we are told,* "His custom;" so also it was His practice to satisfy on that day His own benevolent impulse to relieve suffering by works of healing, and He vindicated such an employment of the day triumphantly against the cavil of the Pharisees.† Intimate social intercourse is also a feature of Christ's Sabbaths. After leaving the synagogue, we find him turning into the house of a friend, a welcome and beloved

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* Luke iv. 16. † Luke vi. 9.

guest.* Days so busily occupied as His, with works of mercy, left little time for seasons of retirement; but these were redeemed from sleep:† as to recreation and bodily refreshment, the walk through the cornfields was reckoned by Him no desecration of the day; and He was one of the three who enjoyed the Sabbath-evening walk to Emmaus, though He deprecated a journey under any circumstances which would destroy the tranquillity of Sabbath rest. "Pray ye that your flight be not on the Sabbath-day."

These few gleanings from the life of Christ, our example, and the founder of the Christian dispensation, may serve to show the general principles on which He would have us interpret, "In it thou shalt do no manner of work."

We gather—The Sabbath is a day for the direct worship of God and communion with Him, and as such is called, in the latest book of Scripture, "the Lord's day."‡

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* Mark i. 29. † Mark i. 35. ‡ Matt. xxiv. 20; Rev. i.

It is a day for bodily rest and refreshment, in which the toil should cease by which we win our bread in the week.

It is a day on which all necessary bodily wants may be attended to.

It is a day when the ignorant and the suffering have a special claim upon us.

It is a day for enjoying intercourse with members of our family and intimate friends.

Such relaxation as is needed by body and mind—a quiet, private walk, for instance, or the singing of sacred songs, or enjoyment of the beauties of God's work in creation—is not discordant with the observance of the Sabbath.

The writer has felt a real shrinking from going over ground which has exercised so many wiser heads and abler pens; but *some* statement of principle, and the reason on which it is held, seemed necessary, because every suggestion of detail must be modified by it. If the Sabbath is a mere holiday, and my brother-workman has nothing more important to do in it than to amuse and refresh his mind, to

rest and recreate his body, then the only problem is, How to provide amusement for *all* without depriving *some* of any rest or interval of labour at all? But if there be truth in the deductions we have drawn, other motives and purposes must be taken into account; and then, in a large city, the question becomes very complex and difficult.

Too often the workman's home is a single room for himself and his family in a crowded court or alley. Sounds of profanity and sights of impurity which he cannot shut out, and an atmosphere foul, enervating, depressing, are around him; while green trees and hedge-rows, flowers and singing-birds, are miles away.

He gets up, we will say, later on Sunday:—it might seem hard to grudge him that. It is a day of rest, and he has had a week of toil; but when he is up, there are, perhaps, twelve hours before he will go to bed again. How are they to be used? What facilities are there for his spending the Sunday as we would like him to spend it? If his clothes are very mean

and shabby, it will be a hard trial of principle to go to church, for he is very sensitive to slights; and if he sees the rich man passing into his cushioned pew, with "Sit thou here in a good place," while to him it is said, "Stand thou there;" or if he sees the lady gather up her skirts as she passes him, he will be only too ready to think that he has got into the wrong place,—to forget that "the rich and the poor meet together, but the Lord is the maker of them all."

At last all the wearers of broadcloth and silk dresses are successfully squeezed into pews, and soon after service has begun a free seat is left for the workman; then, if he has a prayer and hymn book, and if the service is read* with feeling, and if the music and singing are not so highly decorative that he loses his way in them, and if the sermon is a living message and not an intellectual treatise (thank God, in

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* It will be observed that reference is here made to the order of service in the Established Church of England. The remarks would probably be inapplicable to most places of worship in the United States.

a growing number of churches these *ifs* can be satisfactorily answered),—then he has a fair opportunity of gaining the most important advantage the Sunday has in store for him.

His ear is arrested; those great living truths which take no account of his poverty or wealth, of his social meanness or social dignity, but which address him as a man, as a son, as an immortal being, as one loved and cared for,—those truths soothe and calm him; they raise him up to the dignity of manhood; he passes from the church-door with a half-formed purpose to come again,—to come oftener.

So far all is well: but the Sunday is not half over yet; his mind is not trained to habits of continuous thought; probably the morning service has used up his power of attention. Now, if he lived in the country, he might turn into his little plot of garden-ground, and enjoy the concert God has prepared for him, and teach his children to distinguish between the notes of the robin and the thrush and the warbling blackbird; or he might show

them how the bud of last Sunday has opened into a flower, and might give, as he plucks up the ill weed which threatens to choke tender seedlings, a hundred useful, profitable lessons from God's great open book of nature.

But where is our *Town*-worker to take his children? The quiet, orderly church-goer we have been describing,—who wants to stretch his limbs and get a breath of pure air, and see something more refreshing than dingy brick houses, but who would fain keep his children and himself out of harm's way, Sunday traffic, drinking and swearing, gambling and betting,—what outlets are there within a walk where hundreds have not got the start of him? The Parks are crowded; other places of public resort look like human ants'-nests. Where is he to go? He would like a quiet walk with his family in winter, or to sit out with them under the trees in summer; he is almost driven out of his so-called *home*, for the sights and sounds and smells of the neighbourhood are not choice or refreshing; but,

except some forlorn, deserted-looking streets, where is there a chance of a retreat?

We have thought whether it would be too great a sacrifice to ask that the gardens of Squares,* some of them very large and pleasant, should be reserved on Sunday for workmen of this class, who would really value a quiet retreat within walking-distance of their homes, and not know where to go for it? We do not propose to admit them indiscriminately; but surely each household in a large Square has, or should have, its visiting-list of humble and deserving friends in the working-classes, and each family might admit a certain number of those it has reason to know would not abuse the privilege. Of course it would necessitate keeping the nurse-maids and children of the

* This applies to private squares belonging to adjoining estates and open only to the proprietors; but we need not say how distasteful to workmen in our country would be any such provision for their entertainment as is here suggested. If habits of Sabbath-observance have not been formed in childhood and youth, the disposition to appropriate its hours to moral and religious improvement, under any auspices, will be rarely found.

Squares out of the gardens on that day; but it is only one day out of seven, and the sacrifice made by the rich would gladden the heart of his working brother as a practical and living proof of his sympathy.

And what if, on Sunday afternoon in summer, gentlemen of the Square, father or sons, should spare an hour from their own ease and Sabbath rest, and turn into the garden with some interesting book in hand and read it aloud to a group under a tree (good reading and pronunciation have great charm for the working-man)? We will venture to say the effort made would be richly repaid by the kindly feeling called forth on both sides.

But we are well aware that the class we have been describing hitherto are not those for whom it is most difficult to provide on Sunday: unhappily, it is a mere fraction among the masses of workmen who do thus spend the morning at church and the afternoon with their children. Such men are the exception. The rule is, first, to drop out of the calculation altogether that

Sunday has any thing to do with the needs of man's spirit or his wants beyond the present life; secondly, to sacrifice to pleasure-taking the needed bodily rest offered by the Sunday. Pleasure-excursions, by rail or boat, are the least objectionable of the ways in which the day is ordinarily spent. Next to these come the frequenters of scenes where excitement and vice are mingled attractions. Then, perhaps, lowest of all, the thousands who are too brutalized by drink to care for fun or pleasure: heavy-eyed and leaden-hearted, they turn into public-houses on Sunday as soon as they are open, with last week's earnings in their pockets. The evening finds them drinking still,—excited now, and noisy; at night the miserable wife guides home a drunken sot, whose wages have melted into drink, and who must lose a working-day or two in sleeping off the effects of his debauch.

Here is the strong point made by those who would throw off the restraints of the Sabbath and argue for Sunday amusements. "See the

effect," they say, "of shutting up places of rational amusement,—museums, zoological gardens, picture-galleries, and such like;—you leave nothing for the masses but the public-house! You must take things as you find them, and deal with men as they are, not as you could imagine or wish them to be: you cannot infuse into them your ideas of the Sabbath,—your taste for church-going; they will not have your religion at any price; but they would spend the day quietly and sensibly at the Crystal Palace or the other public institutions—at once humanizing and instructive—from which you exclude them."

Would they? That is just the question. The better class of excursionists might, who spend the day pleasure-seeking with their families: yet, remembering the excursionists we sometimes meet at their places of resort, we cannot feel too sure even of these. But why spend time in conjecture? The experiment is tried weekly. The most ardent advocate of Sunday-pastime could not desire a fuller catalogue of

pleasures and amusements than are open to the public every Sunday in Paris. How does it answer there? Are the public-houses empty, while the masses are informing their minds and refining their tastes in picture-galleries and music-halls? Does Monday morning find them braced up for exertion, ready to do battle manfully, for wife and children's sake, with the difficulties and struggles of a workman's life?

Let us take a glance, first, at the bill of fare provided for them in the way of amusement: it is varied enough to suit all tastes:—Versailles, which might answer to Sydenham Palace in England, half an hour's distance by train; the exquisite fountains, reserved for Sunday entertainment; the grounds so large that, though thousands flock there, the visitor may, if he chooses, keep apart and find a quiet retreat. The Champs Elysées, crowded with attractions for all ages and ranks,—billiard-tables for the men, whirligigs for the active, coquetry for the young, toys for children, dash-

ing equipages for the brilliant and gay. The streets, sights in themselves, with their glittering shop-windows:—here and there, perhaps, as an exception, closed shutters, but for the most part open, and the scene of busy traffic. The theatres,—the grand attraction of Paris, to Parisians as well as strangers,—the theatres are truly in force on Sunday. Dr. Guthrie was there in February, 1864. We give in a note a list of thirteen theatres and operas with which he furnishes us, containing the following announcements, to suit the tastes of all classes of society, on the 28th of that month.*

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* At the *Opéra*, "The Huguenots," in 5 Acts.

Théâtre Français, "Une Chaîne," a Comedy in 5 Acts, and "The Young Husband," a Comedy in 3 Acts.

Opéra Comique, "The Black Domino."

Odéon, Representations of "the Relays" and "the Will."

Gymnase, "Mont Joye," a Comedy in 5 Acts.

Théâtre Italien, "Rigoletto," an Opera in 4 Acts.

Théâtre Lyrique, "Faust," an Opera in 5 Acts.

Palais Royal, "La Gannotte."

Porte Lamartine, "Faustine."

Gaité, "The House of the Bagnio-Keeper."

Théâtre du Châtelet, "The Shipwreck of the Medusa."

Théâtre de Jeunes Artistes, "Galatée."

Variétés, "Le Petit de la Rue Ponceau," a Comedy in 2

Is this amusement enough? At all events, if Parisian workmen frequent cabarets, it is not because other places are closed to them. Now let M. Jules Simon speak; his generous sympathies towards the workmen add weight to his words when he has to give evidence against them:—"On pay-day the workman receives, in a round sum, the earnings of the week or the fortnight; if paid on Saturday, he cannot wait till the next day to begin his debauch. By Saturday night the cabarets are full; they remain so all Sunday, often all Monday also: a little gambling serves to pass the time between the cups. The pipe never leaves the workman's lips. Soon the stifling atmosphere is hardly fit to breathe. Inarticulate cries, obscene songs, licentious words, mingle with the rattling of glasses. Money runs fast: one-third—half, perhaps—of the hardly-earned wages are gone. Wives begin to look in,—

Acts, lively and very amusing; preceded by "The Sister of Jocrice," and followed by "A Trooper who follows the Nursery-Maids."

pale and trembling,—remembering the hungry children at home, and the threatening landlord. At last nature asserts itself; the man must sleep somewhere; the policeman turns him out, and the wretched wife does her best to guide him home in safety."*

Or payment, perhaps, takes place on Sunday,—more usually than not, we believe; for business finds itself as much at home as pleasure, in a Parisian Sunday: in this case, work generally winds up in the forenoon. "On Sunday morning," says Mr. Blanchard Jerrold,† "every workman will be at his bench, hard at his work up to noon, when he will break off, and go forth in holiday attire to enter upon his long span of pleasure. The afternoon of Sunday affords him only a taste of relaxation. St. Monday is his real holiday; and if it leaves him any money unspent on Tuesday morning, he will not be inclined to return to his bench. He is essentially a spend-

* *L'Ouvrière*, p. 133.
† *Children of Lutetia*, vol. ii. p. 100.

thrift, and wife and children who are dependent on him can have but little hope that he will make any provision for the future."

With the Parisian example before our eyes, we cannot see that we have any great encouragement to work out the experiment elsewhere whether Sunday amusements might raise the moral tone of the masses and draw them away from spending their day of rest in degrading and sensual indulgences. The lever that shall raise them must be stronger in its own nature, and poised on a steadier fulcrum.

It is also reasonable, to say the least, to inquire whether workmen have given any opinion themselves on the subject. They ought to know best their own wants and wishes.

On the 23d of November, 1865, a deputation of working-men of London waited upon Earl Granville, with reference to the opening of the Kensington Museum and other places on Sunday. Mr. T. Hughes, M.P. for Lambeth, introduced the deputation; and several of the working-men addressed his lordship on

the subject of opening public buildings on Sundays. They denied that the working-men of the metropolis *were* anxious to have such places opened on Sundays, and repudiated the claims of those who professed to represent the interest of operatives.

Mr. Hughes gave subsequently the reasons for his belief that the deputation which he headed expressed a general feeling of the workmen. He said the question was raised at every meeting during his canvass in Lambeth, and invariably decided *against* opening such places as museums and galleries on Sunday. He further stated that various other meetings of special trades, at which he had presided, had come to a similar conclusion. They were very anxious for the opening of such places on the evenings of weekdays, and for some shortening of the hours of labour; and they deprecated the Sunday agitation, as tending to diminish their chance of obtaining these benefits.

The *Times*, in a leading article on the subject, leaves indeed the theological part of the ques-

tion untouched, but expresses its pleasure that the opinions of working-men have within the last few years been taking this direction.

"It may," says this journal, "be assumed that the majority of persons in all classes would be sorry to see the Sunday deprived of those general characteristics which have so long marked it among us. How much we all owe to the observance of Sunday it would be difficult to estimate. In this city, to great numbers of men it is an absolute necessity. It is probably the only institution which prevents work from becoming continuous. Such are the daily increasing demands of labour, that to many men, without this enforced break, life would become one perpetual whirl of occupation. The sudden change of thought, the pause in every business, afford a refreshment to the mind, scarcely less than that of sleep to the body, and give opportunities for family intercourse and for quiet reflection, which it would be impossible otherwise to obtain. The artisan, above all, whose business does not follow him to his home, may spend a quiet day with his family in complete relaxation. We may be allowed to think that the day has had an influence on our national character, and contributed a sobriety, a steadiness and a thoughtfulness to it which it would otherwise have wanted. A day of rest is more than

a holiday; and let us keep Sunday for the former, and not for the latter. If the working-men are coming to be of this opinion, we congratulate them on their good sense, and we trust that they will not allow themselves to be misrepresented. Agitation on this subject has no chance of receiving much attention, except so far as it is supposed to express the wishes of the working-classes. If they are against such a measure as throwing open public amusements, no one else is for it."

Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was not likely to view the question in its religious aspect; but he comes to the same conclusion as the *Times* about the importance of *repose and rest.* A friend of his came to him with a manuscript he had written, attacking Sabbath observance as practised in this country. "Put it behind the fire," was the advice of the great political economist. "If the common notion of the sacredness of the day secures to the working-classes, week by week, a period of repose and rest, the Sunday, even as a civil institution, is an invaluable blessing."

Perhaps, then, we may leave the question

of public amusements. It looked plausible enough as offering counter-attractions to the grog-shop, but in France it has on this very point been tried and found wanting; while in England it appears to run counter to the wishes of the very class on whom it intends to confer a boon.

Another question remains besides Sunday amusements. To pass it over in silence would be cowardly, for it is confessedly a difficulty. The same leader in the *Times*, which gives its voice against Sunday amusements, says, with regard to working-men, "We would by all means have them get away on Sundays from the confinement, the bad air and the gloom of their narrow courts, into the Parks, and *into the country.*"

"Into the Parks!" yes, by all means. We only wish their size and number corresponded better with the requirements of the thousands who resort to them, so that they offered a quieter retreat. But "into the country!" this involves the whole question of Sunday travel-

ling. On a superficial view, the advantage of the workman appears to come into collision with the integrity of Sabbath observance: the subject requires to be looked at all round, to decide that it is not so.

Those in whom sympathy for the workman is strong and a Sabbath instinct feeble will argue thus:—"If you shut him out from works of art, at least make it easy for him to enjoy the beauties of nature. You have your garden and conservatory, let him have his cheap run to some place of popular resort.* You allow that the body as well as the soul has a claim and part in the day of rest. What refreshment or bodily strength can he gain, pent up in a close city atmosphere, with nothing to

* One argument used for running cars on the Sabbath, viz., that the rich ride to church in their carriages, and the poor should have such means of conveyance as they can use, has very little weight with those who know the facts. Of the owners of private carriages in our cities, probably not one in a hundred uses them on the Sabbath. The number of private carriage-owners who go to church on foot is probably much larger than the number who neglect to attend because the cars are not in motion to take them.

raise his spirits or brace up his bodily powers? Who can tell what influences for good, sea air and blue sky, and hedge-rows and green fields, may not exercise? No great portion of the day need be occupied in the transit to and fro; he may attend church in the country, and is likely to do so with far more profit than in town. Railway-servants, indeed, must be employed, but it is a case in which the few who would suffer must be sacrificed to the many who will reap advantage."

Now, in the first place, we are quite ready to admit that the workman is under unfavourable circumstances, both for soul and body, who has to spend his Sunday cooped up in a crowded neighbourhood. It is more difficult for him than for an agricultural labourer to improve the day for the purposes for which it was given,—spiritual profit and bodily rest. Noisy and disorderly neighbours occupying the same house are not helpful to reflection; dingy brick houses are depressing to the spirits; the impure atmosphere of a great city is in-

jurious to the health. They are not imaginary, but *real* evils, which the steady workman encounters when he resolves to renounce the excursion-train and pass the Sunday at home.

But, on the other hand, are the evils imaginary which are brought upon workmen, as a class, by Sunday excursions? If they are fairly compared with the first-mentioned, which are the worst?

Think of the excursionist himself. It must be either an expensive or a rather selfish pleasure, if he is a family man. It would be a little hard to leave the wife at home in her dull room on the day she has been looking forward to all the week; and if she goes the children must, or be left to chance it by themselves about the streets. At the journey's end some place must be sought to eat and shelter in: what place will offer but the public-house? Will the scenes that go on in the public room be always those to which a respectable working-man would like to introduce his wife and young children?

Moreover, his railway-ticket is to himself a passport to drink. It has been decided that as soon as a man has purchased a railway-ticket on Sunday he becomes in the eye of the law a traveller, and may call for beer or spirits at any public-house in any place where he may stop; and that, too, in the hours of Sunday in which, were he to remain at home, he would find public-houses closed by law. As a traveller, the public-house will be open to him all day; at home, up to five o'clock in the afternoon, it is only open two hours,—and those hours are from one to three, when home has a counter-attraction to offer, the Sunday dinner with his family. If he is a man easily led away by drink, such a consideration as this ought to weigh with him in the question of Sunday travelling.*

Again, as to church-going; excursion-trains do not run to quiet country villages, where the door in the rustic church-porch stands open to invite wayfarers to enter, but to attractive

* Of course this refers to a local law not known in the United States.

watering-places and places of general resort. The excursionist is one of hundreds or thousands whom such a place numbers on Sunday among its visitors. We ask what chance they would have of finding church accommodation, supposing any considerable number of them were inclined to seek it? At home they might not have gone to church or chapel; here they cannot.

Again: the day is one of great fatigue, bustle and excitement. Let any one who doubts it watch the riotous crowds who flock in to town from the railway-stations on Sunday evening. We look in vain for traces that a day of rest and healthful relaxation has been enjoyed; we are compelled to admit that neither as to his purse, nor as to his family, nor as to his soul, nor even as to his body, has the workman done the best thing for himself, by his Sunday excursion.

But most workmen, we should hope, are open to an appeal on other than selfish motives. Such an one may have few sympathies with

the classes above him, but he has many with his brother-operatives. It is an honour to humanity to see what generous sacrifices working men and women will make for each other when occasion calls for it. It is, then, a part of the question from which he will not turn his eyes when it is pointed out to him, that if he is to turn his day of rest into a day of *pleasure*, others must turn their's into a day of *toil*. Very hard toil, too; harder than on other days.

"Rest!" said a railway-porter; "I do not know what it is to sit down on Sunday." Another says, "I get one clear Sunday in a year." A passenger-porter says, "I work harder on Sundays than on weekdays, as there is more passenger traffic." Another,—a railway-policeman,—"On other days I work twelve hours, but on Sunday fifteen; on Monday, sixteen hours: the work is harder on Sunday and Monday, on account of the excursions." Again, a London railway-servant says, "I have known as many as one hundred and fifty trains pass our station on a Sunday.

Sunday is the hardest day's work; guards and policemen get no Sunday in summer, and only one in three in winter. The Sunday labour is very injurious to the characters of young men from the country."

But, it is said, the disproportion is so great between the few who work, and the many who, by their work, are enabled to take pleasurable recreation, that the end justifies the means. A workman shall answer,—a packing-box maker from one of the great industrial centres.

"Grant," he says, "that railway-labourers form a small portion of the community; their paucity of numbers is no sufficient reason for disregarding their claim. During a former agitation of the question, shareholders who wished to vote against Sunday trains because the general feeling was against it, were vehemently told that the question was not one of numbers, and that though the parties disposed to travel on Sunday were the smallest fraction of society, they should, and ought to, have the opportunity of spending the Sunday as they thought proper.

Now," said this acute reasoner, "if this argument be sound, give the railway operatives the benefit of it: whether they be few or many, allow them to keep the Sabbath as they think proper."

But, in truth, the number is not such a mere fraction who are employed by Sunday travelling. The workman, who understands better than most men the value of a day of rest, will think twice before he adds another straw to the burden already resting on so large a number of his mates.

Nor are those connected with conveyance and locomotion the only men who lose their lawful rest. What becomes of Sunday to the man who keeps open the place of resort, while he is attending to his influx of visitors? Nay, he and his servants have more than they can get through; the supply cannot meet the demand; and taverns, public-houses and cigar-shops multiply under the fostering wing of Sunday trains.

There are other consequences, less evident, because more remote, which have not escaped

the notice of intelligent men in the working-classes. We quote the words of a gardener:—"I am informed that the servants of the railway-company will now be compelled to work seven days for six days' wages; and if the system is carried out by this company, it may be carried out in other establishments and works as well. Who can tell where the thing is to end? Employers of other trades may take it up; and, knowing the social position of the working-classes, and how many thousands of them, even at the best times, live but from hand to mouth, they may exact that which their workmen have neither the will, nor the strength, nor the power to resist."

To what conclusion, then, are we to come, as lovers of the working-classes? Sunday in the city has its privations, but Sunday in the country, as things are managed at present, has its immediate dangers for the working-man himself, its undoubted hardships for a large class of his brother-workmen, and its probable ill consequences to operatives generally. We

honour the man who, in consideration of these things, resists the temptation of a Sunday-excursion ticket; and we think, if he takes his wife and children out for a little fresh air in the streets, if no park or field is within reach, it will be some comfort to him to know that, as far as he is concerned, railway-servants, public-house keepers and policemen might enjoy their Sunday rest.

So, then, with regard to Sunday travelling as well as to Sunday amusements, after carefully considering this question, and trying to look at it all round, we seem driven to the conclusion that the hopes it holds out of improving the workman's Sabbath are fallacious; that it offers no real remedy for the perverted moral taste which leads him to spend his Sunday in a beer-house, rather than in seeking the combined edification and rest for which the day was given to him.

But have we any thing to offer in place of these remedies? For to reject a proposed remedy is not to cure the disease. It is very

well to talk of "edification and rest;" but they are secured neither by shutting up museums and picture-galleries nor by discouraging Sunday excursions. Policemen, whose duty it is to keep the public peace on Sunday, will tell us whether the chosen retreat of the masses—the public-house at the corner of every street—looks hopeful either for edification or rest. There is an old saying in Ireland, that when the devil finds a man idle he generally puts a job into his hands. And city Sabbaths among the working-classes afford abundant proof of it.

There are some, indeed, whose weekly occupation implies severe bodily labour. When the six days are over, they feel spent with toil, and rest to them is to spend several extra hours in sleep. By all means let them do so; reserving some portion of the day, the part when the body is least likely to act as a clog upon the mind, for that which is the highest end of the Sunday,—seeking God,—finding rest for the soul in Him as its true centre; then let

them sleep as weary men should, and thank Him by whose provident care the opportunity for doing so is secured to them.

But there are many others whose occupation is sedentary, and, probably, monotonous,—occupying their hands, not their heads. Sunday finds them wide awake; ready, to use a popular phrase, for any thing that "turns up," *except* church-going; they like to talk politics with their neighbours, or read their Sunday newspaper, or go out with a pleasure-party, or spend the day with their mates at the nearest public-house. If any of their private houses had been fit to sit down in, they would, perhaps, have preferred them; for if men are not far gone in drinking-habits, and if wife and children have still some hold upon them, they have a notion, however feeble and inoperative it may be, that in the public-house they are in harm's way.

Here is our social problem: these men must be got hold of; persuaded to see their own interests; helped to help themselves; led to per-

ceive what they really *do* want, and how little a day's drinking can supply it. They must be dealt with tenderly, respectfully, discriminately; not in masses, but as individuals, with reference to individual circumstances, character, tastes, perils.

They must be addressed as reasonable men, not in set phrases, which were pregnant with meaning once, but have lost their freshness, like a beautiful flower which has passed from hand to hand till it is dry and withered. Full credit must be given them for good sense and intelligence, and the arguments put before them must be forcible and telling.

Now, to what does all this point? Not to statutes; they are necessarily rigid, inflexible; they act with mechanical force; and what we want is tactile dexterity. It points to a general recognition, on the part of the educated and refined, that they have a work to do for the uneducated on Sunday; what cannot be done by legislation may be done by the wondrous power of sympathy, translated into action.

But the work is great, and we require the force of united action. There is something for every one to do who can, himself or herself, spend a Sabbath of quiet and refined ease. What if it should be proved, after all, that those who are most urgent for Sabbath consecration have been the men who were ready to make sacrifices of personal ease and indulgence; and to work, not perhaps always in the wisest way, but with earnestness and zeal, to raise the tone of the workman's Sabbath? What if the over-activity which may have characterized *their* Sabbath should have been in a measure thrust upon them, because they had to do duty for themselves and their ease-loving neighbours as well?

A book which we all profess to venerate lays down, as a principle of action, "Whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing." We are speaking to the whole class of educated, kind-hearted, sensible, philanthropic residents in our chief cities and populous towns; where

the congregated masses of human beings present a mechanical and moral hindrance to any profitable employment of the workman's Sabbath,—*mechanical*, because he cannot be quiet if he would; *moral*, because evil example is contagious.

Among these educated men and women we may find a great variety of opinion as to the true nature of the Sabbath, the demands it makes upon us, the right way of spending it; but all will be agreed that the workman who drinks up half his week's wages in the public-house is spending it in *the wrong way*, a way which will neither prepare his soul for the other world to which he is hastening, nor instruct or invigorate his mind, nor refresh or recruit his bodily strength.

Yet this wrong way *is* the way chosen, Sunday after Sunday, by thousands at our very doors. Within a stone's throw of the mansions around our splendid squares, drinking-saloons rear their unabashed front, and are lighted as brilliantly as the elegant drawing-

room; but on what different scenes the gas-jet sheds its brilliance! In the drawing-room, on wealth, refinement, luxury, the gentle courtesies of society; in the drinking-saloons, on rags and squalor, nauseous fumes of breath vitiated with spirits, the degrading indulgence which turns men and women into fiends.

We have said the drawing-room is within a stone's throw of the grog-shop; but is it the *exception* or the *rule* that the inhabitant of the one should concern himself or herself with the frequenter of the other? These drinking thousands are made up of individuals; they have each their point of contact with those classes above them who employ their labour or profit by their toil. In many cases the point of contact is individual and personal; every family in the wealthy classes has its own tradesmen, whose shop-boys and assistants call at the house on their daily familiar round; their own laundress, probably, and house-scrubber; their poor needlewomen, their milk-men and baker, postmen, &c. Here is a direct

opening. These men and women minister to your comfort; you profit by them; life would have many rough places for you if they did not smooth them. Have you ever thought whether their being thus brought into neighbourly connection with you does not give them a claim on something more than the hard cash with which you reward their services? Do you know any thing about their families? Is it to you they would come, as to a sympathizing friend, if trouble pressed sore upon them? Have you ever asked them how they spend their Sundays? And if you have reason to think it is this "wrong way" we have been talking of, have you, in friendly counsel, tried to set them right? Have you let them feel that you pitied more than you condemned, that you realized the temptations of their joyless struggling existence? Have you thought of any substitute to propose for the fatal dram which is working them so much woe? Is there not in your beautiful house some little waiting-room near the door? Could you not, without

exposing your own household to temptation by having strangers in the kitchen or hall,—could you not tell this poor tempted man to bring his wife and children some Sunday evening, and try whether a cup of tea and a cheery fire, and your pleasant kindness, and a few pictures, and a little reading, are not better than the drinking-saloon? Think what it would be to him to feel that you cared for him! How it would reflect to him the patient love of God, and make him strong in the hope that the remedy lies within his reach,—that he may yet become respected and respectable!

If each family would thus act as a magnet to draw up its own immediate dependants, the ranks of the drinking thousands would soon be thinned. The same might be urged on employers, the owners and principals of shops, the masters and mistresses of workrooms. Sometimes, indeed, they shut their own mouths by making a common day of the Sabbath themselves. "I could not stop there," said a young

dressmaker to the writer; "Sunday was just like a weekday." "Why! did your employers keep you at work?" "No: they could not keep us, but they worked themselves. When I came home from church, they were always at it, and the sewing-machine going, just like a weekday."

But those employers who know the value of a quiet and orderly Sabbath of rest themselves, must surely feel that it concerns them to inquire whether those who work for them all the week, and whom they have associated closely with their interests, have any settled and regular way of spending their Sundays; or whether they rank among the idlers who, according to the Irish proverb, stand ready for "a devil's job." Only remember, the employers' interest and sympathy must be *real;* it must show itself in something more than advice. Everybody knows *that* is cheap; and, in these days of independence, advice, however good, must be given with a great deal of tact and skill not to be resented: but with these provisoes, and when

advice and personal sacrifice go hand in hand, it *is* valued, and often acted on.

We were struck with the graceful tact exercised on this point by a hotel-keeper in Wales. Hotel-keepers are hardly expected to concern themselves with the religion of their customers; on the contrary, Sunday visitors and their requirements naturally tend to reduce to a minimum their own standard of Sabbath observance.

Some friends of the writer, in spending a Sunday at Bangor last autumn, were struck with the air of mourning which seemed to pervade the neighbourhood. The sermon in the Cathedral, and another in a principal church, spoke of a serious loss which society had sustained by a recent death which had occurred among them. Who was it that had so lived as to be thus missed? It was the mistress of the George Hotel, Bangor Ferry, who died on the 4th of October, 1865, at the advanced age of seventy-three.

Eleanor Roberts, the daughter of a small farmer at Yspytty, in Denbighshire, became,

twenty-three years ago, the proprietress of a small wayside inn near Bangor, in the high-road to Holyhead.

Soon afterwards her house became the resort of engineers engaged in the construction of the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits. From profits made at the time she was enabled to erect additional buildings, until by degrees the little wayside inn could claim rank with first-class hotels,—in point of comfort, at all events, if not in point of size.

It became a place of favourite resort. Among other names in the visitors' book we may read an autograph testimonial from the good old Duke of Wellington, as to the comfort he experienced in taking up his quarters there. The beauty of its site, perhaps, had something to do with its far-spread reputation; but, doubtless, its chief attraction was owing to her whose genius kept every department under her own personal inspection, and whose consistent Christian character won the respect of all whom she employed.

The servants had an air of quiet responsibility, and showed visitors to their rooms with a respectful solicitude, as if they felt themselves answerable for their comfort.

At every corner of the staircase and corridors there was some pretty or interesting object to gratify the taste, such as statuettes, pictures, minerals, aquariums,—all such things, in fact, as a lady will gather round her in her own house, but which she does not meet with in a hotel without coming to the conclusion that its owner must be no ordinary person.

The arrangements in Miss Roberts's hotel bore, however, still more legible traces of her character. On the table of each room there was a Bible and some other book of devotions, and over the mantel-piece, instead of a tariff of prices, some texts of Scripture.

On the Sunday Miss Roberts made a personal request to all guests staying in the house, that they would kindly consent to take breakfast at one hour at the *table-d'hôte*, in order that the servants might have the privilege of attending

public worship. The same plan was observed about dinner. This request, proffered with a certain homely dignity, was seldom, if ever, refused; and by this arrangement the servants were enabled to observe the Sabbath in as orderly and regular a manner as they could have done in a private family.

After breakfast it was announced that carriages were ready, free of charge, to convey guests to the Cathedral, or any other church they might wish to attend.

The drawing-room was filled with attractions on Sunday for the visitors at the hotel; books carefully selected on the table, in many of which were inscribed expressions of regard from the authors; sacred music, both Welsh and English, were laid on the piano, which was left open for use. The pretty terraced garden, and a conservatory full of well-tended plants, provided for every innocent and pleasant enjoyment in the intervals of public worship.

We do not wonder that the George Hotel prospered, or that, a few months before her

death, Miss Roberts refused fifty thousand pounds for her business. We have cited her example, as showing that no calling need hinder a personal regard for the Sabbath, and also as a specimen of the delicate tact and pains-taking effort which give efficiency to good advice.

Sometimes, again, the connection between ourselves and those we seek to influence is *self-made;* that is to say, no other special reason exists why we should put our hand to a work but that confessedly it needs to be done and no one else comes forward to do it. A case in point occurs to us. The suburb of a populous town had a reputation for its invigorating air, and as such became a frequent place of resort for invalids. Invalids provide a hopeful source of employment for the owners of donkey-chairs; the suburb in question had its full quota of these conveniences, with a good number besides of saddle-donkeys, for the delight of children who walked up from the town to enjoy the breezes of an ample common.

In direct contradiction to the law, Sunday to these asses and their drivers was the harvest-day of the week. Donkey-racing was an amusement especially reserved for that day, to the exceeding annoyance of affluent inhabitants, whose country-houses bordered the common. In the teeth of the law, and before the eyes of the magistrates, these donkey-men and boys, Sunday after Sunday, paid their fines and drove their obnoxious traffic, fearing neither God nor man.

A lady settled in the neighbourhood, and became a sharer in its interests. "Can nothing be done for these donkey-boys?" was her natural question. The smile raised by the inquiry implied that if she were not new to the place it would never have been made. She let it sleep a little time, and the donkey-boys ran riot as before.

Tired of waiting for a more suitable agent, she determined to begin. One of the family sitting-rooms was made attractive with a glowing fire, and new reading-books, and appliances

for writing, and the donkey-men were invited to spend an evening with her. It seemed to them too strange, incomprehensible. They were not used to sympathy: what were they to the lady, or the lady to them? The hour passed; she waited in vain: not one answered the summons.

The next week the same experience; but, at last, the perseverance of their friend roused the curiosity of the men, and on the third occasion the room was full! Unwashed they were, indeed,—unsavory; scarcely able to command their countenances; yet still living, human souls, brought within kindly, softening influence. She took care they should not feel that they were penned in for a sermon; except one message from God's Book, and two or three petitions offered to him, the evening (a weekday one) was reserved for teaching them to read and write. By degrees her guests became too numerous for the size of her room; clean hands and faces appeared here and there among the party; they learned to be diligent

and steady. She had an ear for all their individual concerns, and strange-enough histories were brought to her.

The weekday class having taken a firm hold, she has now proposed to them to give up to her a morning hour of their wild, riotous Sunday; she has added to the attraction of the Sunday-morning class by a promise of coffee and biscuit, and has planned for them a comfortable room, where they can feel that they are at home. We cannot doubt that the "nuisance of the neighbourhood" will abate sooner under this genial influence, than by the most rigidly imposed fines and legal punishments.

We have not given this as an instance of what ladies ordinarily could or would do, but to show that the most wild and reckless are within reach of practical sympathy; and that where points of contact between ourselves and the working-classes do not already exist, an aggressive benevolence will *make* them. Direct suggestions as to *what* may be done and *how* it

may be done, are secondary in importance to arousing the conviction that the remedy for a great social evil lies in our own hands, and that we can apply it, not by opening our purses, but our hearts; by recognizing that he who lies there in a moral slough is yet our human brother, waiting *our* hand to pull him out and set him on the *terra firma* of a hopeful reformation.

It is for this initiatory step that united and vigorous action is so urgently needed. Once allure the workman away from the tavern; once give him a pleasant experience of a Sunday otherwise spent; once reawaken the feelings in him of the father and the husband, and we shall find we have given an impetus which he will follow up. There is an amount of self-helping in the working-classes for which we hardly give them credit. A lady gathered round her those whose lives called most loudly for reform. She went into the question with them; proved that strong drink was their enemy; they wanted an assembling-place with-

out the drink, a public-house without the beer: it was not offered to them, so they must have one of their own. The originating thought was dropped like a living seed into their minds by this true friend of working-men; she gave the impulse, but it fell into prepared soil; conviction ripened into desire, desire was fertile in effort, and the result is, a Workman's Hall, in which religious service is held one evening in the week as well as on Sundays.

Thus it has been proved that work-people even in a low neighbourhood can quite well afford to set up and rent for themselves reading-rooms and a house for their lectures. Probably, if working-men can be induced, by the influence brought to bear on them by those around them, to exchange their drinking-bouts for a quiet and regular Sunday, it may lead to their opening rooms furnished with books, where they may enjoy the peaceable afternoon in reading or talking with their friends, which is hardly possible in their own crowded dwellings.

Let us now review our position. We invited the general co-operation of all educated and kind-hearted residents in cities and large towns; to secure it, we had to lay down the broadest and most general principles of action, namely, a recognition that large masses of our working-classes are spending their Sabbath in a wrong and injurious way; that neither Sunday amusements nor excursions offer any effectual remedy for this social evil, and that it is incumbent on the educated classes to exercise, in the varied ways in which it may be open to them to do so, that individual influence which may induce the workman to forsake the drinking-house and spend a quiet and restful day with his family.

This is, perhaps, the highest aim to which we shall secure general agreement; but we are free to confess that we have not *many* expedients to offer, if the aim is to be limited to inducing the workman to make of his Sunday a day of repose. We are free to confess such a day will lack interest, because while attaining its lower it will have missed its higher pur-

pose. If this were all that could be offered to the workman, Mr. Dickens might say with more justice the words we have already quoted, —"Nothing to change the brooding mind, or raise it up; nothing for the spent toiler to do but to compare the monotony of his seventh day with the monotony of his six days, and think what a weary life he led."

But, brother-workmen, we appeal to you. Is it true that the God who gave you the Sabbath offers to you in it nothing but animal repose? Nothing that can "change your brooding mind, or raise it up"? Is there nothing comforting or elevating in the truths on which a weekly rest from toil gives you leisure to dwell? Nothing comforting in the thought that you, poor and of little account in society, are of great price in the sight of God? That your welfare—your's individually, as one of the human race—prompted Him to a sacrifice so vast that parents, who can understand it best, gain but a dim conception of it? Is there nothing comforting in the belief that

your present life of toil and privation is no proof that God has forgotten you, but rather that He has planned for you a course of education and discipline which may, if you will yield to His hand and interpret Him aright, prepare you for honour and dignity, and a royal standing, in the immortality to which you are hastening?

Brother-workmen, it is better to rest than to drink; but why be satisfied with resting, when you may pray? It is better to spend a quiet day in your own home, than a day of revelling in the rum-shop; but why be satisfied with that, when God invites you to *His* house, and will give you such a welcome there as may lead you to say, with one of old, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand"?

This is the real glory of the workman's Sabbath; but these are principles of action to which comparatively few will subscribe. Some will laugh at them as visionary; some will condemn them as exclusive; others will renounce them as incomprehensible, unpractical: the

ranks of workers who would combine to rescue Sunday from being a drinking-day, and to establish it as a day of rest, will be greatly thinned when it becomes a question of recognizing it as a holy day.

But, if few in number, they are firm in purpose, and are animated by motives which admit no relaxation of effort. If on the lower and more general basis it was difficult to find expedients whereby to make a day of repose satisfactory and interesting to the workman, on this higher and more restricted basis it is needless to suggest them, so many and varied are the agencies already at work.

To enumerate a few. We have Sunday schools* and classes for all grades among the

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* We apprehend that the superintendents and teachers of our Sunday-schools are not fully awake to the importance of training the children under their care to reverence the Lord's day. Without any undue restraint upon their natural flow of spirits, it is quite possible to throw around the day and its employments a cheerful, happy atmosphere. The exercises of the school-room may be made to correspond in tone and character with the loving spirit which prompted the Saviour's inquiry, "Is it lawful to

young; and this is a work in which men of leading talent and position do not disdain to take part. Again: classes are formed for milliners and dressmakers, for servants, for young women waiting in shops, for foreigners, and, as we have said, for donkey-drivers. Hardly any neglected ones can be named who have not, somewhere or other, drawn forth efforts of Christian sympathy and care. City missionaries visit gas-manufactories, cab and omnibus

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do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?" The impression may be made, in numberless incidental ways, that the teacher regards the day as fraught with the richest blessings. The suppression of boisterous mirth and the reproof of rude manners would be proper as a mere matter of discipline; but we maintain that, by the blessing of God on judicious and seasonable efforts, the teacher can win the *affections* of a pupil to the Sabbath and its hallowed occupations. We do not suppose, of course, that a boy or girl will relish or profit very sensibly by the exercises which engage the mature Christian mind; but it may well be the study of the parent or teacher to adapt to the physical, intellectual and spiritual wants of the child such occupations as are entirely consistent with the due observance of the day. Our children and youth are at present in no danger of cultivating too sedulous a reverence for the laws and institutions of God or man.

yards, and other places where the nature of the occupation allows to the labourer no Sabbath of rest. Similar agents carry the war into the enemy's camp, follow the drunkard to the tavern, and ply him there with the good news of gospel love and the solemn importance of eternal realities. We were struck with the ready tact shown by one of these missionaries but the other day, in a conversation he related to us, which he had held the Sunday before in a saloon with those assembled to drink.

He entered with a few little books in his pocket, and, taking out one, which was a dialogue, offered to read it in parts with a man who stood near.

"Oh, yer one of the soul-mongers! Always at it! talkin' of what yer don't understand. I'd like to know, *what is a soul?* Come, old fellow, can yer tell us that?"

Attention was aroused, and the answer to "Bill's" question was waited for with some curiosity.

"My friend," said the missionary, "a man

generally asks a question for one of three reasons: either he cares to get an answer, or he asks from curiosity, or he wants to puzzle the man whom he questions." A knowing wink from Bill to his mates showed that the last suggestion had hit the mark. "Yes, I see," said the missionary; "you want to puzzle me, to show me up: now, you know, two can play at that game, and, before I answer you, will you be so good as to tell me what are the component parts of oxygenated muriatic acid of lime?"

Silence for a moment, then a nudge and a chuckle on the part of a mate. "Eh, Bill, he's got yer there!"

"You can't tell me? Well, at least repeat my question. What was it I asked you?"

Bill hardly liked to give in, and turned his head from side to side in a vain effort to recall the words.

"Can't you say it?" inquired the missionary.

"I'm a thinkin'."

"Thinking, are you? What with? Your

finger-ends? The hair on your head? What is it in you that thinks?"

"Caught you, Bill! The old fellow's caught you, he has!" chimed in another neighbour.

"I have *answered* you, my friend: what thinks, is your soul."

He then took occasion to speak of its immortality and its redemption, to listeners who were now all eager in their attention. Such readiness in turning circumstances to advantage can be acquired only by experience; but we rejoice to think how many are thus aggressively, Sabbath by Sabbath, seeking out in their own haunts the careless, the unconcerned and the morally degraded among our working-classes.

We are told that before many years have passed over us the old barriers will be broken down, and our Sabbath will be exchanged for a day of work and pleasure. Let philanthropists and religionists combine to avert what both would deplore.

THE END.

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